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lunch, also in true Arabian Nights' style, as we had lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, almonds, and raisins, and many other good things, we started off for a round of afternoon calls. Many old friends had come to see us and all wanted us to visit them. However we managed to weed them down to four and thought we would take the farthest first, so we went off through the date palms to Robat where we had an enormous tea, and then came back through Khoreiba, where we had two more and a fourth, just after sunset, at Ar Rashid. Then we staggered back for dinner to Masna'a, Mr. Figgis rather under the weather and wondering how he was going to cope with Hadhrami hospitality after the more modest repasts of Northern Nigeria.

My wife re-visited Du'an at the beginning of 1937, journeying up the well-known caravan road from Mukalla. She travelled with two Seiyids of the Mihdhar family returning to their homes after a long absence, and they took seven days on donkeys from the coast to Wadi Du'an. The nights were spent in the *murabba'as* and towards sunset each evening they raced with an old shepherd taking a flock of Somaliland sheep over the *jols* to Du'an, for he was determined that his sheep should sleep in the stone hut and the Seiyids were equally determined that my wife and they should. There was always a long midday halt for about eleven o'clock the Seiyids felt they needed their ginger coffee, and it was after noon before the large meal of rice and dried fish was ready.

Except for the preparation of two large meals a day everything was very simple. The Seiyids each had a folding iron camp bed and the Badawin, two of whom acted as chief cook and butler-valet, usually slept curled up underneath the beds. The Seiyids had put on clean clothes at the beginning of the journey, and these they wore night and day until they reached the top of the *'aqaba* leading to Du'an, when they unpacked their boxes and put on new clothes to arrive in. Crowds quickly came from their homes to meet them, and from the Ba Surra's house to meet my wife. She spent two nights with the ladies in Masna'a, who were very anxious to know all about Miss Stark, and if she had quite recovered from the illness that attacked her in Du'an. My wife also visited Robat and Khoreiba, and had tea in one house and spent the night in another house in which a crowd of self-invited guests gathered after dinner to hear the wireless, at that time the only set in the wadi. The reception was not too good, but they heard Big Ben and switched from Egypt to Rome, from Palestine to Germany, and back to London.

With the usual Du'an hospitality she was given two breakfasts in different houses, visited many women, and returned to Masna'a for a gay evening party with drums and dancing in the harem. She left Masna'a for Quweira, where she stayed with the Mihdhar family, whose stronghold it is. This clan of Seiyids is very large but firmly united under its chief, Seiyid Mustafa, a very old man who was amazingly ignorant of any matters outside his valley and had never before descended to shaking hands with a European woman. He had evidently seen pictures of them however for he frankly expressed his approval of my wife's dress, which had long sleeves and was not cut short above the knees as he had imagined it would be. She quite lost count of the number of houses she visited in Quweira, and in all of which she was taken straight up to see the women. It is a curiosity of Du'an that all the women dress